1. *K.* Leade couragiour Coſin.
1. 2. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noiſe within crying, run, ſave hold: Enter in haſt a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haſte.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curſed haſt you made
If you have done ſo quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.
Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe? How doe things fare?
Pir. Ariſe great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are moſt early ſweet, and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wakt us from our dreame?
Pir. Liſt then: your Coſen
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white, which ſome will ſay
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodneſſe with this note: Which ſuperſtition
Heere findes allowance: On this horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the ſtones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horſe
Would make his length a mile, if't pleaſ'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Muſicke
His owne hooфes made; (for as they ſay from iron
Came Muſickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poſſeſt
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke
Or what feirce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horſe, hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets ſchoole dooing, being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the ſharpe Rowell, which he fr
Then any jot obaies; ſeekes all fo
Of boyſtrous and rough Iadrie, to
His Lord, that kept it bravely: w
When neither Curb would crack
Diſ-roote his Rider whence he g
He kept him tweene his legges, o

That *Arcites* leggs being higher
Seem'd with ſtrange art to hang
Even then fell off his head: and
Backeward the Iade comes ore,
Becomes the Riders loade: yet i
But ſuch a veſſell tis, that floates
The ſurge that next approaches:
To have ſome ſpeech with you:

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita,

Pal. O miſerable end of our a
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if t
Thy worthie, manly heart be ye
Give me thy laſt words, I am
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take *Emilia*
And with her, all the worlds joy
Farewell: I have told my laſt h
Yet never treacherous: Forgive
One kiſſe from faire *Emilia*: Ti
Take her: I die.
Pal. Thy brave ſoule ſeeke
Emil. Ile cloſe thine eyes P
Thou art a right good man, and
This day I give to teares.
Pal. And I to honour.
Theſ. In this place firſt you
I ſundred you, acknowledge to
Our thankes that you are living
His part is playd, and though it
He did it well: your day is len

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